# Two-penny-worth of Wit
## For a PENNY.
### OR, *The bad Husband turn'd Thrifty*

This Man that wrought his own decay,
And ſpent his Money night and day;
Is turn'd ſo ſaving I do ſwear,
There's few that with him can compare:
And lives ſo civil in his ways,
That all his neighbours give him Praiſe,
And does repent his wicked Crime,
And deſires good Fellows to turn in time;
There's many a Man Runs himſelf clear out,
When Ale's in his Head, then Wit is out.

To the Tune of. *Packingtons Pound.*

ALl Company-Keepers come hear what I ſay
Here's a Notable Song if you pleaſe for to ſtay,
It will Learn you good councel, be ru'ld by a friend,
If you go to an alehouſe your money to ſpend:
For four-pence or Sixpence, you may ſpend I do ſay,
If you call any higher it's all thrown away;
Then Barnaby will begin to work in your head,
There's many does forget that their Children want Bread

Obſerve a good hour and looſe not your time,
If you meet with a friend that you needs muſt go drink
I deſire you to take this councel of mine,
Keep wit in your Noddle, and your Pockets ſome Chink:
Then your wife will pleaſed, your Children glad,
And a great deal of comfort there will to be had:
But if you ſpend all your money and make your ſelf poor,
Then your rent will be wanting you'l be turn'd out of doors.

To ſee ſome men when they are full of drink,
What a Beaſtly condition it is we may think,
They'l tumble it'h dirt, and they'l ſtagger i'th ſtreet,
And affront e'ry man and woman they meet,
That when they are ſober will Scorn to do ſo,
For they hardly can know their friend from their foe.

For I my own ſelf have been in the ſame way,
And waſted my money by night and by day,
And never did think how my Children was ſerv'd,
Till Neighbours did ſay that they almoſt were ſtarv'd
If my wife chance to ſay that any thing ſhe did lack,
I would call her baſe whore and beſture pay her back:
That was the beſt comfort I could her afford,
Then I out to the Ale-houſe, and ſpent like a Lord.

I ſold all my goods, and I waſted my ſtore,
And at the Long run I was grown very poor,
A hundred and fifty good pounds I have ſpent,
As long as any was left I could not be content:
My hoſteſs ſhe would be ſo merry with me,
When I call'd for Liquor and paid for't too free;
And with flattering and kiſſing ſhe pleaſd me tot'h like
Thus I like a villian did worry my poor wife.

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At last I consider'd and did think in my mind,
How to my own family I had been too unkind;
Which troubles my conscience to think on the same,
That with drinking and swilling I was much to blame,
My Children was bare, and hard they did fare,
And I of their misery never took care,
But now I'le begin for to live a new life,
And take pains to maintain both my Children and wife.

For I to the Ale-house have been too kind,
Which to my undoing I plainly do find,
My poor little Children are fallen into want,
Which grieves me to see them full sore I repent,
That I had such fortune for to be so led,
With Drunken companions which caus'd me be bad,
But he runs a long Race, that ne'r has an end,
I, make much of my money that God does me send.

I'le be carefull of my Children and make much of my wife
And provide meat and drink for to preserve their life,
That little that's left I hope to make it more,
With taking of pains, and with working full sore:
And ale-wifes go hang them selves with what they have got,
No more of my money shall fall to their lot;
I have sow'd my wild Oats and I will have a care,
Of drunken companions that made me so bare.

It is a brave thing when a Winter comes cold,
To have something in store, with that a man may be bold,
Either Land men or Sea-men what ever they be,
All Young-men consider be ruled by me,
For Potteles and tap houses will fill you no beer,
No longer then your money holds out you may swear,
For I my own self now do find it too true,
Which makes me to speak, for what I spent I do rue.

Since I took a good course and for saken the bad,
With my wife and my Children there is enough to be had,
But while I kept drinking and loosing my time,
All my whole houshould was ready to pine:
But it is a long day that ne'r has an end,
Therefore all good-fellows be rul'd by a Friend,
Keep money in your pockets and good Cloaths to your back,
Drink to do your selves good, but take heed of a Crack,

Now in the conclusion that man is well blest,
That lives sober, and quietly, and forgoes Drunkenness,
He never will be out of reason with his wife,
If God give him a blessing he's free from all strife,
It is a brave thing if a man do take pains,
If he work ne'r so hard if he bring home the gains:
Therefore take this councel I pray you of mine,
It's a penny well bestow'd, he that takes up in time.

FINIS